

BIG SANDY NEWS.

Aut inveniam viam, aut faciam.

VOL. IV. NO. 47.

M. F. CONLEY, Publisher.

THE year 1889 will go down into history as an unprecedented season of storms, floods and disaster in the United States.

The Constellation's grounding in Chesapeake Bay has aroused unfavorable comment in and out of naval circles. The truth seems to be that the Constellation went ashore because her officers were not acquainted with Chesapeake Bay, and "they had no pilot on board."

THE richest man in Australia is said to be James Tyson. He is credited with being the possessor of from \$8,000,000 to \$4,000,000. He has never tasted wine or spirits, nor has he smoked one ounce of tobacco, and yet he is as robust as a bacchanalian.

THE question of irrigating is one of the burning questions of the hour in the west. There are millions, yes, tens of millions of acres of arid land in the trans-Mississippi States and Territories that would become exceedingly fertile under a system of irrigation.

CHICAGO has completed all the formalities connected with the annexation of surrounding towns, and the mayor has, by proclamation, assumed control. She is now the largest city in the world as to territory, and claims to be the second in the United States as to population.

THE compilers of the new city directory in New York estimate the population of that city at 1,555,610. This number includes only the actual city residents. It is estimated that there are in addition 400,000 people who go into and out of New York every day, doing business in the city and having their homes in the suburbs.

THE late Mrs. ex-President Tyler became the wife of President Tyler some time after his entrance into the White House, and shared with Mrs. Cleveland the honor of being married to a President-in-office. As the mistress of the White House during the stormy term of her husband, Julia Tyler was renowned for her hospitality and grace.

THE world's historians in coming ages will have no complaint to make of the lack of trustworthiness and circumstantial data relating to the civil war of 1860-65. With a hundred or more volumes of official records from which to draw their facts, the students of the year 2000 will have more accurate knowledge of this war than the schoolboys of to-day have of, say, the siege of Troy.

THE fecundity of the English sparrow is enormous beyond comprehension. In ten years the progeny of a single pair would number 235,749,883,698, as computed in the Department of Agriculture. The sparrows accommodate themselves to any climate in this country, in Mobile and in Minneapolis their student jabs distract the people and destroy their rest in the dozing hours of the morgue.

TWO MEN IN A BUGGY.

Strange Ending of a Hunt for Escaped Prisoners.

Battle With a Gang of Unknown Crooks—One of the Posse Fatally Wounded in the Pursuit—One of the Crooks Killed.

CLEVELAND, O., July 22.—W. A. Smith and Richard N. Mansfield, two young crooks, Saturday night, escaped from jail. One of the prisoners in the jail informed the turnkey of what had taken place an hour or so later and Sheriff Sawyer and his deputies and the police at once began to scour the city and adjacent country. Joe Goldsoll, the sheriff's errand boy, and one of the best officers in the city, started out in a buggy with two friends for McCord street in the western suburb where Mansfield's parents live. On Gordon avenue, nearby, they secreted their rig and having been reinforced by patrolman Pierce, concealed themselves to watch the neighborhood. A buggy approached containing a young man. It was hauled by Goldsoll and Pierce, and the occupant giving a satisfactory explanation was allowed to proceed. The buggy passed on to where Goldsoll's two friends were, and they sprang into the road and shouted: "Stop those two men!" Goldsoll and Pierce ran up and saw two men instead of one in the buggy. They commanded a halt, but the two unknowns soon started to drive away and began firing their revolvers at the officers. The fire was returned, and in the fierce fusillade that followed Goldsoll fell. The buggy dashed away, and the deputy was carried back to the jail. He had a bullet in his abdomen and was taken to the Huron-street hospital, where he now lies at the point of death. Half an hour later, at 1:30 a.m., Patrolmen Pierce and Koehler while returning from the scene of the shooting, saw a horse and buggy standing in an awkward position on Franklin avenue. In the buggy was the body of a young man who had been shot to death. The horse also bore a bullet wound. The body was taken to the Detroit-street Police Station, where Pierce recognized it as that of the young man he had first seen in the buggy. At first it was supposed that the dead man was Smith, but a close examination disproved this belief. The body was taken to the morgue, and lies there now unidentified. In the buggy were found a revolver, a rifle, a revolver, and some rage. The horse and buggy had been stolen early in the evening from the barn of George E. Smith, on Bolton avenue. The police suppose that Goldsoll and Pierce, hunting for Smith and Mansfield, accidentally stumbled upon two other crooks who had just done a job or were bent upon one. Diligent search is being made to find the two escaped prisoners and their escaped companion of the dead man, and to identify the body at the morgue.

VICTIMS OF THE FLOOD.

seventeen Known Lost in the Little Kanawha Valley.

WHEELING, W. Va., July 22.—The intelligent special from the flood district near Parkersburg to-night gives the following complete list of the drowned so far as known. It is thought that the death list will be much larger when the districts now cut off from the outside world are heard from. Robert Black, Mrs. Blenk, Mrs. Thomas Higgins, and four children, Ed Bosco, Mrs. Isaac Roberts, Mrs.erville West and two children, John H. Riger, Mrs. Roy Kiger, Mrs. Isaac Tucker, and men whose names cannot be ascertained. The damage to property can not be estimated at present. Hundreds of people lost all they possessed and many families are homeless. A late dispatch says the village of Morristown, Wirt County, was swept entirely away, great suffering exists among those who lost all they possessed, and the county commissioners of Wood County will issue an appeal for aid. The cloud burst on Limestone Mountain, Wood County, where the five creeks that were flooded have a common source, and from where they take their course in as many different directions. The damage to crops was incalculable and the farmers will be dependent upon charity until next season.

A Gigantic Scheme.

LIMA, O., July 22.—There is a movement on foot looking to the consolidation of all the natural gas companies in the Ohio and Indiana field, and put them into a trust. Dr. S. A. Baxter, of this city, is quietly engineering this matter, with the aid of J. B. Townsend, H. M. Frost, and others. It is understood that this arrangement has the sanction of Univis, Biggs, Oliver H. Payne, and other Standard managers. They now own the majority of all the stock of the companies in Ohio and Indiana, and will buy up the stock of the remaining independent companies.

Burned With Their Home.

POTTSVILLE, Pa., July 22.—At Frackville, last night, a dwelling house, occupied by an aged couple, Michael McGrath and wife, was destroyed by fire. This morning the charred remains of the husband and wife were found in the ruins. The house occupied an isolated situation, and the origin of the fire is unknown.

Murdered His Bride.

ASHLAND, Wis., July 20.—Joseph Puchis, aged forty years, living near Red River Station, killed his eighteen-year-old bride yesterday afternoon. The house occupied an isolated situation, and the origin of the fire is unknown.

Herr Most Demanded.

NEW YORK, July 22.—The meeting of Anarchists yesterday, called for the purpose of deciding whether Herr Most should be pronounced a traitor to the cause or not, was very meagerly attended, and after some speeches had been made, denouncing Most in severe terms, the meeting adjourned without action.

What the Old Lady Missed.

SHAWNEE, Pa., July 22.—Mrs. Mary Robinson, aged 80 years, died to-day. She was never inside of a post-office or railroad-train during her life. She had nursed General Uanock when he was an infant.

Two years of experiment and investigation by the Agricultural Department on the cultivation and manufacture of sorgum, do not appear to encourage the prosecution of the industry as an independent branch of business. According to recently published reports on the subject, it has been ascertained that the cultivation of the plant for sugar and sirup does not pay. The cost of machinery, the difficulty of obtaining that which is especially suited for the purpose, and the difficulty of finding a market for a crude product, are likely to prove obstacles that the ordinary farmer will not readily overcome.

LOUISA, LAWRENCE CO., KY., JULY 25, 1889.

NATIONAL EDUCATORS.

Denominational Schools and History of Education.

A Committee Appointed to Consider the Needs of the United States in a Bureau of Education and to Memorialize Congress on the Subject.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., July 19.—Secretary Parkerстрого, W. Va., July 20.—A terrific cloud-burst, accompanied by lightning and thunder, struck the Little Kanawha Valley last night about seven o'clock, doing greater damage in a short time than any previous storm in many years. The Little Kanawha rose five feet in less than three hours and swept everything before it. The rainfall was terrible here, but is reported as much worse on Tygart and at other points. The worst of the storm struck the lower side of the Kanawha, filling small tributaries from bank to bank, and ending with the worst flood within the recollection of the oldest inhabitants. In three hours the Kanawha raised six feet, and ran out with such velocity that it carried every thing before it. At this point thousands of logs and a number of boats went out or were sunk. Little Kanawha Company lost 2,000 logs; West Mill, ten rafts; Harrington, several flats; W. P. Padon, five barges with tugs, several of which were caught below; Keever & Co. lost four barges of coal; Miller, three rafts, and 2,000 trees; Taylor, one fleet of timber, Charles Wells, four barges. In one hour 5,000 logs went out. Mrs. Isaac H. Tucker, Martin Lawless and an unknown man were drowned. Above the destruction was still greater. Big Tygart Valley is completely ruined. The big mill near its mouth went out and took the Tygart bridge with it. In the valley all the fences, crops and much live stock were lost. At Cheshireville, a small town about ten miles above, half the residences were washed off bodily and left in cornfields. In Clay District a church and three dwellings were wrecked. About noon information was received that the steamer Oneida had been wrecked and sank at Enterprise above. Still later a report came that the steamer C. C. Martin was sunk at Burning Springs. The Little Tygart is also reported completely ruined. The big granite walls that protected the village are gone. The houses and buggy standing in an awkward position on Franklin avenue, in the buggy was the body of a young man who had been shot to death. The horse also bore a bullet wound. The body was taken to the Detroit-street Police Station, where Pierce recognized it as that of the young man he had first seen in the buggy. They commanded a halt, but the two unknowns soon started to drive away and began firing their revolvers at the officers. The fire was returned, and in the fierce fusillade that followed Goldsoll fell. The buggy dashed away, and the deputy was carried back to the jail. He had a bullet in his abdomen and was taken to the Huron-street hospital, where he now lies at the point of death. Half an hour later, at 1:30 a.m., Patrolmen Pierce and Koehler while returning from the scene of the shooting, saw a horse and buggy standing in an awkward position on Franklin avenue. 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Democratic Ticket.

FOR STATE TREASURER,
Hon. Stephen G. Sharpe,
OF FAYETTE COUNTY.

FOR STATE SENATOR,
J. B. Hannan,
OF ELLIOTT COUNTY.

FOR REPRESENTATIVE,
M. D. Vanhoose,
OF LAWRENCE COUNTY.

FOR COUNTY SUPT. OF SCHOOLS,
W. D. O'Neal.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER,
John H. Thompson.

THURSDAY, JULY 25, 1889.

Collector Goodloe is hustling the
Democrats out of the offices under
him.

A salt trust has been formed and
the price of salt may be expected
to go up still higher soon.

Hannah and Vanhoose will make
faithful and attentive representa-
tives. You may rest assured of
that fact.

Dr. McDowell, who murdered Capt.
Dawson at Charleston, has been ex-
pelled from the South Carolina
Medical Society.

The election will be one of the
next Monday; and the names
of the Republican candidate will
thereafter be "Deems."

Gen. Lloyd Brice, the new editor
of the North American Review, is
a Democrat. His predecessor,
Thurndyke Rice, was a firm Re-
publican.

The Democrats of Floyd and
Johnson counties nominated Melvin
Spencer, a prominent young mer-
chant of the former county, for
Representative.

Remember to vote for the calling
of a Constitutional Convention
to revise the Constitution of Ken-
tucky if you fail to vote for it you are
counted against it.

The government work on the
Big Sandy river, has been placed
under U. S. Engineer, D. W. Lock-
wood, and an appropriation of
\$131,135 will be asked for it.

Gov. Lowry, has filed suit against
the Northeastern Railroad asking
for forfeiture of its charter in
the State of Mississippi because
the road aided and abetted the Sulli-
van and Kilrain prize fight.

Of course Hannah and Vanhoose
will be elected, but that does not
lessen the duty of any Democrat
in the district to personally exert
himself in their behalf. It is due
them to honor them with as large
majorities as possible.

J. Mr. H. C. Herndon, editor of the
Paintsville Paragraph, has been ap-
pointed a Deputy Revenue Collector
for this district; and Mr. T. T.
McDowell, of the Ceredo Advance,
has been given \$1,500 in the Government printing office.

The Bank of Pikeville (Ky.) opened
on the 1st inst., with a capital
stock of \$50,000. The stock was
well sold and within fifteen days
there was on deposit about \$30,-
000. Mr. Bascom Hatten, a na-
tive of this county, is cashier, and
is the youngest official of that kind
in the State.

Democrats, when a Republican
candidate tells you that his race is
not a political one, or that politics
should not influence your vote in
the office for which he is running,
just set it down that that is the par-
ticular men whom you want to be
sure to vote against. Even if poli-
tics be not considered there is still
a balance in our favor between can-
didates this year. Stand by the
nominees. They are worthy of
your heartiest support.

At their second Legislative con-
vention, held in Catlettsburg on
last Friday, the Republicans of this
District nominated James H. Fan-
ning, of Elliott county, for the Sen-
ate. Failing to find a candidate
for Representative they adjourned
the convention to meet again in
Louisa on Monday. At the meet-
ing Monday G. W. Chapman, of
the county, was chosen and accepted
the nomination. Therefore it

The necessary shortness of the
present campaign gave hope to
those who decry the low and
pernicious practice of "mud-sling-
ing" that the canvass this year
would be almost free from this
evil. But we are sorry to notice
that there are already indications
that such a favorable state of affairs
will not exist.

From Prof. Lyttleton.

MARSHALL, TEXAS, July 8, 1889.
DEAR NEWS.—Over a year ago I
determined to write you a letter
about Texas, but procrastination,
that celebrated "chief of time," has
prevented hitherto.

This is a large State and since com-
ing here nearly two years ago I have
contrived to see a great deal of it.
Marshall is in the Northeast
part of the State in a well timbered
region. The soil here is not so rich
as in other sections, but responds
liberally to the efforts of the industrious,
intelligent farmer. This section
is well watered and healthy.

But there is one serious objection
to living in the country round about.

There are too many negroes. This
makes it difficult for folks in the
country to find society and have
schools and churches. There are
indeed some neighborhoods where
the whites are well provided for in
this respect but it is the exception
rather than the rule. This objection
of course does not apply to living
in the city nor to East Texas.

On Saturdays the negroes come to
the city to buy.

They are mostly Catholics, and
celebrate a great many Saints' days.

St. John's day is the 24th

of June, and I had the pleasure

of witnessing some of their sports.

One in particular seems to delight

all classes—the running of the gallo-

los. Gallo is pronounced gah-yo,

and means a rooster.

In this game a Mexican takes a live rooster

in his hand and mounts a horse.

Others take after him, the object being

to get the rooster or a piece of him

and in the struggle and confusion

which follows the rooster is pulled

to pieces. Another sport is called

tailing the bull. In this sport a

number of bulls are put in a pen

some distance from the herd. At

a given signal a bull is let out and

starts at a full gallop.

The sportsmen mounted dash after him

and some one will take the bull by the

tail, and by a quick forward move-
ment throws the animal heels over

head. The bull rises usually un-
hurt and shakes his head, as if to say

"you had better not try that again."

But the vaquero is by this time

galloping back amid the music and
cheers. If he fails to upset the

bull, the band will play a dead

march and the crowd laugh and jeer.

I would amuse the teamsters of

Louisville to see the ox-driver

of this section with his team.

The oxen have the yoke tied on just

back of the horns, the raw-hide strap

passing around the horns and head.

I can see how an ox can pull, so

yoked. The vehicle is usually a

cart. I have seen teams driven

through the streets thus yoked and

having bells on; the driver walking,

sometimes before them, with a long

stick having a steel point secured at

its end. The soil here is rich, but

not well adapted to farming. It is

subject to long "dry spells," there

being no rain, sometimes for a space

of eight months. The people here

are mostly engaged in raising stock,

and the country is occupied by large

ranches—some single pastures con-

taining 75,000 acres. The owners

themselves do not know how many

head of cattle are in these pastures.

The heat is not oppressive here, al-

though at times the thermometer

rises to over 100 degrees. There is

always a breeze from the gulf. San

Diego is on the Mexican National

railway, and the country is beauti-

ful around the town. I spent the

4th of July in Corpus Christi last

year and greatly enjoyed a few hours

sailing on the Gulf. From Corpus

to San Antonio as far as the eye can

see on either side of the Aransas

Pass railway are fine prairie lands,

which in some future time will sup-

port millions of farmers. But the

large ranches must first have their

day in this region.

San Antonio is a beautiful city

and contains many interesting reli-

ics, among which are the Alamo and

near the city the old missions San

Juan and San Refugio. The coun-

try here and in fact for miles around

the largest cities of Texas is "thickly

settled," and the lands valuable.

At Austin I was annoyed with the

smell of burning cedar and on in-

quiry learned that cedar was the

usual fuelwood in that locality.

Since school closed this year I

have made a trip to Northwest Tex-

as and in passing visited Dallas,

Fort Worth, Denison, &c. That re-

gards, I have found the people here

very friendly and hospitable.

It is pleasant to take a ride in the

country and in the towns.

It is good to see the people here

and the way they live.

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ISABEL;

— on —
From Shop to Mansion.

The Romantic Story of a Dress
Maker's Rise in Life.

By MRS. F. M. HOWARD.

[Copyrighted, 1890.]

CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.
"Perhaps you are right," Mrs. Stanford replied, more cordially than she had yet spoken; she loved to be looked up to, and it suited her vanity. "If she is teachable and intelligent it may not be so bad, after all, what a freak!"

If people would only take the best of things in the realms of life, what a world of trouble would be saved, but the most of us fret and worry, beating our wings against the inevitable, to the premature development of crow's feet and gray hairs. Perhaps this is a distinctly American trait, and traceable in some degree to cynical pie and other indigestible stuffs; however, that may be, we could probably exchange some of our exasperability for worrying for a little of the German stability, the French tact, and the happiness and contentment of the Natives.

"This is your choice, then, Mrs. Falconer?" They were standing before two elegantly-framed pictures in a popular artist's studio; one, a wonderful piece of coloring in the Yellowstone Park; the other a sunset in the Alps, a rare gem, the purple tops of the mountains, the tops of the tall trees, and even the shrubs which fringed the brook in the valley topped with a golden glow, setting sun, which gave a bewitching effect.

Isabel had never had the privilege of exercising her taste in the selection of expensive pictures before, and she enjoyed the novel experience hugely.

"Yes," she replied, with enthusiasm, "it rests my eyes to look at it, and I am sure Miss Stanford will like it."

Mr. Falconer said a few words to the artist, and the picture was taken from the easel and put for

Mr. Falconer watched his wife at home, Morand's with great satisfaction; she gave her orders in a quiet, concise manner, and with the air of one who understood herself perfectly, and knew exactly what she wanted; in decided contrast to the fussy creature of the vulgar rich class, who kept one counter in a ferment with her conflicting orders.

Isabel had often wished that she might have the opportunity of choosing one costume for herself, without the necessity of counting the dollars spent in its construction, and now with the prospect of half a dozen before her and no limits as to expense, she made out her programme at home, carefully studying her own needs and style to a natty.

The shop-woman who took her measure and orders perceived at once that her customer was a lady of artistic taste, and well educated, but rather than aristocratic. "What would she think if she knew that only last week I stood behind the counter also," was Isabel's inward comment, and she contrived before she went to speak a word of kindness to the woman, whose tired face lighted up with pleasure as she replied gratefully.

Harvey Falconer observed the little transaction, and said existingly to himself: "A true friend is every bit her; my intentions have not betrayed me!"

"Have you ever learned to ride?" he said, as they were once more seated in their carriage.

"Not since I was a child and rode bareback in primitive style." She smiled at the recollection. "But I think I should like it exceedingly well, however."

"Then you had better order a habit for Dol," said Mr. Falconer, "I am a very gentle animal, and I am very fond of horseback riding. With a few lessons at the riding school I think we'll make a very graceful rider."

She turned to him gratefully. "You forgot nothing that can add to my happiness," she said, and involuntary tears of pleasure stoned in her eyes.

"I should hope not," he replied, smiling; "it would be unpardonable should I invite a lady to my home and then neglect her."

The carriage drove on through the business portion of the city, past elegant residences and palatial homes.

"You have told me so little of your early life," he said. "I should like to hear how your childhood was spent."

"It was a meager and cramped childhood," she replied, thoughtfully. "Of my parents I remember nothing, and Aunt Debby always seemed strangely reticent in regard to them."

"And your mother?"

"My mother was very kind to me, so far as she dared to be. Uncle John is very unreasonably when he has been drinking, and not only abuses me, but his own children and his wife. His downward career has been very rapid for the last five years, and being the owner of a comfortable home he is now obliged to live in a miserable rented cottage, not nearly large enough for the family, while the wife and children are scattered in various parts of the city, and paltry homes.

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